



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

Hubbard Chas 24 32



GEORGE Q. CANNON.
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

CONTENTS.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS (<i>Illustrated</i>) S. A. Kenner	297	EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.....	315
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION	302	TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLAND MIS- SION..... Eugene M. Cannon	317
ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL REPORT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS... ..	306	THE STUBBORN OTHER FOLK	320
A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH..... Nephi Anderson	307	IS BAPTISM ESSENTIAL.... Robert Aveson	321
TOPICS OF THE TIMES..... The Editor	311	WHAT I LIKE	324
A BATHER'S PERIL	313	OUR LITTLE FOLKS:— FOR THE LETTER BOX.....	325
JEAN INGELOW	314	An Evening Walk	325
		The Sweetest Flower—A Cradle Song	328

RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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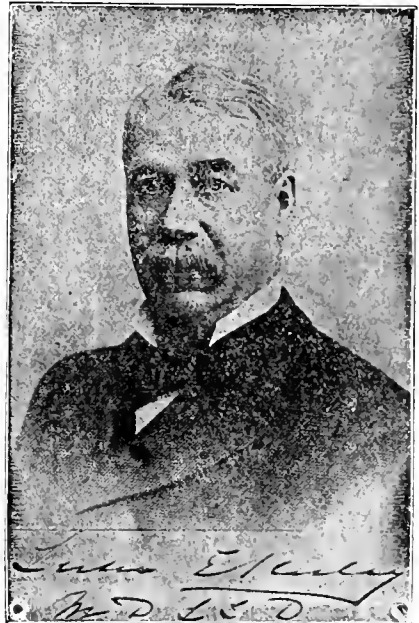
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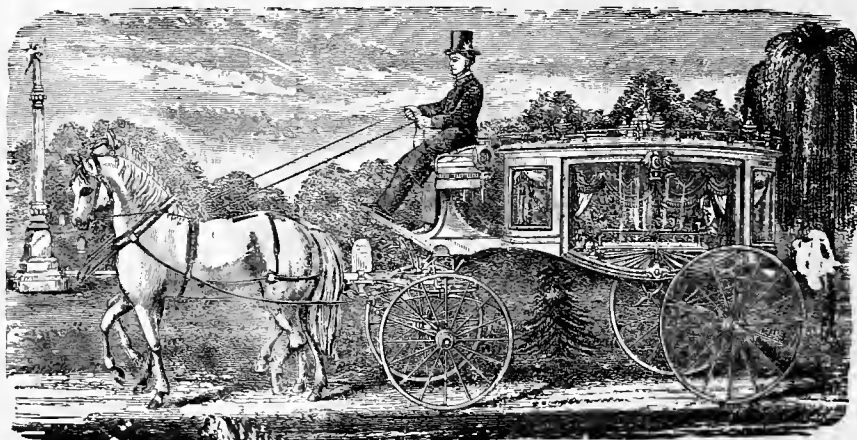
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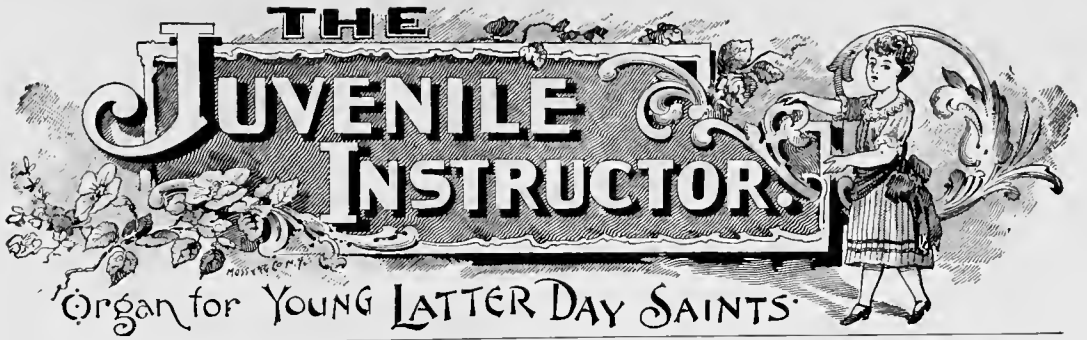
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VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1897.

No. 10.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

What They Did and How They Did It.

IV.—THE INDIAN SITUATION.

THREE days passed before an Indian set his foot upon the ground which the Pioneers had appropriated. When we consider that the red men were the real owners by virtue of the most equitable if not the strongest title known to law—continued and undisputed occupancy for ages past—this may seem a little singular. When we take into consideration the fact that they were even then dwindling away and their lands going from them still more rapidly through the encroachments of the pale faces, it seems almost wonderful that the actual occupancy accompanied by every required evidence of permanency was not at once disputed after the fashion peculiar to the savage. It proved to be greatly and agreeably otherwise. On the 27th a couple of straggling Utes dawned upon the scene, and instead of showing any signs of displeasure at what was going on, they seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise, and traded with their hereditary oppressors in the most amicable manner imaginable. Of course visitations became more frequent after that, and got to be finally so common that they did not excite nearly so much interest as is shown nowadays when a band comes

in. For a long time they were peaceable, even friendly, and it may be readily comprehended that this state of things was encouraged to the utmost. Undoubtedly the knowledge on the part of the savages that the invaders had improved firearms which they knew how to use and always kept their powder dry had its effect; but it was not altogether owing to this by any means. President Young's policy, and that of nearly all the Pioneers from the start was to always be prepared for any possible outbreak, but never to be the aggressors, never to deceive or defraud the Indians, and always to treat them with as much kindness and liberality as circumstances would permit. What the red men lack in the matter of scholastic attainments they make up for with native instinct, this in some cases amounting to a discernment and comprehension of things that is actually wonderful; so they were not long in discovering that all white people were not alike, that their new neighbors did not come among them to kill, or harass, or steal, or introduce bad habits, and above all that the strangers did not rely exclusively upon their firearms nor superior death-dealing capacity for protection. No; the Pioneers only wanted as much of the possessors' estate as could be used properly and profitably, and as the latter had no earthly use for it—it

being destitute of the better kinds of game and altogether unproductive without labor—there was not even a remon-

the Mormons were compelled to run the gauntlet almost every mile after leaving the Missouri river; while they



A SHOSHONE CHIEF.

strance against the new situation. Thus things went along for some time. While emigrant trains other than those of

were watched continually, whether aware of it or not, their stock stolen at every opportunity, and one or more and some

times all of a company murdered and mutilated, our people almost invariably got through without serious trouble of

While it is true that the Indians were and have ever remained on terms of amity with the Mormons as a rule, there



A SHOSHONE FAMILY.

any kind, losing but little property and no lives at all from the cause named for a long time.

have been some exceptions, but not many.

It is also true that they fought each

other—the different tribes, of course—with a continuity and zest worthy a better cause. The settlers had been here but a week or so when a row occurred between a young Shoshone and a Ute. After using gun stocks, clubs and other attainable implements upon each other's heads, to the immediate and irreparable damage of—the said implements, one of the party was finally shot dead on a horse he had stolen and was making away with. The author of the "History" says this incident created some little excitement, because, perhaps, of the "bad blood" elsewhere spoken of as existing among the savages; and it has frequently occurred to me that such little pastimes do occasionally go beyond their legitimate function and ruffle the spirit while disturbing the mentality of mankind. The Shoshones and Utes, like the Sioux and Pawnees, seemed to be traditional foes. A row between them, when they met, was in nearly every case a matter of course; sometimes a few, occasionally a great many, were killed, but the early settlers and emigrants seemed never to interfere. The placid demeanor which those people maintained when listening to a recital of a battle between the hostiles, in which several had fallen to rise no more, is suggestive of an incident which occurred many years later, when the Union Pacific Railway was in process of construction. At Green River one of the working parties precipitated a riot which became general; firearms were used, some few were killed and many injured more or less severely. In a terror-stricken condition the telegraph operator—who seems to have been about the only non-combatant on the ground—rushed to his key and sent a message to the superintendent of construction at Omaha, saying: "A riot going on here.

The Irish workmen are shooting and killing each other. What shall I do?" In a few minutes this answer and no other was returned: "Encourage the killing all you can."

The Shoshones proved to be less desirable company than the Utes. As soon as the former found out that the land was good for something besides traveling over now and then, they immediately laid claim to and wanted pay for it. This was refused, and eventually, finding they had no case, the Indians quit and retired from the contest. This characteristic on the part of the redskins is to be noted, not because it is peculiar—for it is not—but as showing with what facility the son of the desert can drop into customs and practices which might otherwise be presumed a monopoly of the white race. The improved opportunities afforded by so long a residence among the nomads of the West have not been thrown away, and the disclosure is now made for the benefit of those who were not previously aware of it, that the two races have many traits in common. The one that is mentioned is perhaps the most striking, from the accepted record that it began not with the human but the canine family. The story is told by a distinguished philosopher named Æsop, who (like some others I know of) had a habit of "pointing a moral and adorning a tale" by means of an occasional resort to fiction, the domain of facts proving too circumscribed and cramped for all purposes. The animal that set the pattern spoken of, and which has been closely followed by so many people of all shades and types ever since, occupied a manger which he refused to surrender to the cow to whom it belonged. The manger did the dog no good whatever, but the

thought that if he vacated, the cow would thereby be benefited, was too much for him, so he held the fort, or rather the manger, even to his own discomfort rather than be the means of allowing comfort to fall elsewhere. Yes, the Indian is not so peculiar after all.

There is another circumstance that should not be overlooked. The mammoth black cricket in the early days was the chief plague of the people, and the Indians did all they could in the direction of suppressing it. The means adopted were effective as far as they went, but they never came into general use by the white people. The pests were gathered by the bagful, dried and ground into meal, out of which a bread (said to be) quite nutritious and palatable was made. Anyway, the red brethren enjoyed it, and if they didn't get fat on it, it was doubtless for the reason that it is a difficult matter to fatten an Indian. In 1848, however, the numbers of the insects were so vast and their rapacity so endless that the never-sated appetite of the natives was unequal to the performance of any perceptible good in the direction of thinning out the scourge. The wheat was half grown and half destroyed before relief in the shape of great flocks of seagulls came upon the scene and did not leave it till nearly all the black destroyers were destroyed. But for this providential visitation, the settlers must have had their privations increased so greatly that it is probable great numbers must have perished. As it was, the crops were so light and the numbers of the people so greatly increased by new accessions that there was considerable suffering before a bounteous harvest came with the following year. The cricket pest did not subside altogether by any means; on the contrary, we still

have more or less of it, as all who reside in the agricultural districts can bear abundant testimony to. In company with his fellow vandal the grasshopper, he still plies his unholy vocation, but not on as grand a scale as formerly. There is no immediate prospect of their extinction, either; for, since the Indians have found out that white peoples' bread is preferable and can be had as a general thing, with no greater exertion than asking for it (which none of them has the slightest hesitancy regarding), they have almost entirely abandoned cricket cakes and grasshopper stews, and as a natural result about the only diminution that befalls the destroyers is such as is wrought by those who raise the other kind of breadstuffs. The insects are, however, no longer a source of terror if even of apprehension, the same being true of the Indians here and elsewhere. It is all right to give them bread or anything else we can spare; they haven't received very much at our hands when all is said and done.

Before coming West, the writer once saw in a pictorial paper some pictures relating to Utah, in which was one of "Walker and Arapeen, friends of the Mormons." The latter of these may have been friendly and he may have been a myth; anyway, that is the only mention (with the exception of this writing of course) I have ever seen of him. In the case of the other, however, he was at least a reality, but as to his friendliness—well, from all that can be gathered the less of such friendship a man or a community has, the better off he or it will be. He was a sub chief, under a leader of a band of the Utahs; the latter carried around with him the burdensome name of Sowiette. Shortly after the arrival of the Pioneers, perhaps a year or such a matter, this particular

band had before it the question of the relations to be established and maintained with the new comers. Sowiette and a majority of the Indians were for friendliness and the incidental "shutcup" that usually comes of such relations with the whites; not so Walker. His voice was for war, and he got a small following to uphold his views. He was successfully resisted by the chief, however, and in his rage called Sowiette a coward. This was too much for the latter to bear, and seizing a whip he laid it upon Walker's person until the latter had enough and promised to behave. The similarity between the two races previously spoken of was again shown by Walker, for he never kept his promise; on the contrary, he kept on killing, stealing and inciting to uprisings even more persistently than before. It is only justice to the natives to say that he was a natural firebrand and that there were very few like him; while nearly all the Indians were more or less friendly with the Mormons at least, this particular scion of aboriginal royalty did not seem to want to be on good terms with anybody, not even his own people. It soon became the case that he lost what little influence he ever had and gradually sank into obscurity; meantime, the good relations established between the settlers and the natives grew and spread, and were only broken in upon in exceptional cases some distance apart. These, or some of them, will be spoken of later. *S. A. Kenner.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you hate your enemies you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Official Minutes of a Highly Interesting Session at the Tabernacle, Sunday Night,

MINUTES of annual Sunday School conference held in the Tabernacle, Sunday evening, April 4th, 1897, at 7 p.m.

The general superintendency, members of the Union board, several Apostles, and a host of Stake and ward officers and Sunday School workers besides thousands of interested parents were present.

The vast assembly was called to order by Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard.

The choir, under the direction of Professor Evan Stephens, sang:

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King."

Prayer was offered by Elder Jos. M. Tanner.

Choir sang the "Night Song."

Elder John M. Whitaker called the roll of Stakes, which was responded to by thirty-five out of the thirty-seven Stakes; read the statistical and financial report for the year ending December 31, 1896, which is herewith published in full, and presented the general Sunday School authorities, who were unanimously sustained as follows:

George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent.

John M. Whitaker, general secretary.

George Reynolds, general treasurer.

As members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board:

George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Cutler, Jos. M. Tanner, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon.

Second Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser, called attention to the great labor of Sunday School work, and the growing need of facilities to meet the developments of this important institution. The necessity of normal training classes is now recognized in many schools, and where the facilities are offered, and the need is apparent, it is essential that such a class be organized for the good of the school. But the organization of a normal class in any of the schools of Zion, should not be attempted until first obtaining permission from the Union Board, and from it receive the proper and necessary instructions.

In this connection also, Elder Maeser called attention to the establishment of infant, or kindergarten classes, and the great good accomplished by properly conducting such classes. They are intended for the small children, who meet in Sunday Schools, and should be taught by object lessons, for this is what kindergarten work means.

In all instructions, Elder Maeser said there is one essential, viz.: "The point aimed at in any lesson. No teacher should go before the children without having a well defined objective point—something applicable to a principle of the Gospel or an ordinance of the same, the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission, or have an important bearing upon the work of God. This is what the Sunday Schools were established for, i. e., to make Latter-day Saints of the children."

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon stated that his attention had been called to the behavior of some children and the irreverence shown by others while the Sacrament was being administered in certain Sunday Schools. In some cases, also, his attention had been called to the little notice taken by

some on account of the frequency of its administration, and felt that it lessens the sacred lesson it was intended to convey. Superintendent Cannon regretted to learn of such a lack of training in the recognition due to the holy ordinance of the Lord's supper. He had suggested, when his attention had been called to these things, that where any one shows an irreverence for the Sacrament or who treats it lightly, they be forbidden to partake of it, or suspend its administration in a school treating it so irreverently. The Lord had commanded that no one should be permitted to partake of this holy ordinance unworthily, and he felt that the servants of God should watch this important ordinance very closely, see that it is partaken of worthily and with due reverence, and use care in teaching its value to all who partake of it irreverentially. He trusted the bishopric would pay special attention to the administration of the Sacrament in the Sunday Schools.

Superintendent Cannon called attention to the holding of Sunday Schools on the day of the Stake conference in the ward where the conferences were held. He felt sure it would be a good thing on such occasions to have the Sunday School assemble where convenient at 9 a.m. and keep in session say until 10:15, allowing as many of the Saints to remain at the morning session as have a desire, and where the room is large enough. The children can thus become acquainted with the Apostles or other brethren visiting among them. Where it is the custom to adjourn the primary before the other departments, it would be well to do so at such conferences, and allow them to return home, as also the other departments at a later hour, to give room for the Saints.

He had met on several occasions under these circumstances, and the result was gratifying. It is important to have the Sunday Schools held regularly every Sunday morning, yet it is not the intention to interfere with the Saints' convening in their quarterly conferences, and by observing the above suggestions, the school may be held, and upon its adjournment let the morning session of the Stake conference convene and if desired, continue until say 12:15 p.m. It would be an excellent thing also, where there are two or more schools in the place where the conference assembles and where convenient to have them meet together on the morning of the Stake conference, go through a few exercises and then listen to instructions from the Twelve, or other visiting brethren. The children would become acquainted with the authorities of the Church and would take pleasure in listening to the instructions given in simple language by the visiting brethren, for simplicity, when speaking to the young, should always be aimed at. The Union board have no cast iron rules, but labor continually for the best interest of the children of Zion, and suggest improvements from time to time, which, if followed out, would result in a higher standard of religious education among our youth.

Assistant Superintendent George Goddard was much gratified to see the growth of the Sunday School cause the last forty-eight years, and felt that the growth would be much more rapid in the future than in the past, and he expected the time to come when instead of the Sunday Schools numbering over 100,000 would number over 1,000,000.

Elder Goddard called attention to the new issue of the recent Sunday School hymn books, and trusted that one

would be found in the hands of all the Sunday School children; that they would take great care of the same, and felt sure that great good would result to the young by all learning to sing the songs of Zion. He desired that good use would be made of the little song book.

Elder John Robinson rendered in an excellent manner a solo; subject: "The Conversion of the Apostle Paul."

Elder Heber J. Grant said he always took pleasure in the great Sunday School cause, and always felt a debt of gratitude to his Sunday School instructors for the early training he received at their hands in the Thirteenth Ward Sunday School. He felt sure that all Sunday School workers would be greatly blessed and honored by the youth they teach and spoke encouragingly to the officers and teachers.

The importance of leaving speculative and mysterious questions alone should be adhered to in the Sunday Schools of Zion. There are a great many people always looking after something mysterious, and in some instances he felt as though the higher departments would do better by leaving these kind of questions severely alone. Some such classes, he thought, might be properly named, "classes for the asking of mysterious questions that none would be able to answer until they got into the next world."

The time of teachers could be much better employed in living and teaching the Word of Wisdom, keeping the commandments of God, and confining themselves to instructions and teachings of plain and simple meaning and which do not involve the mysterious. Therefore, let the questions involving dark and hidden meaning alone.

The question had been asked, "What shall be done with the teachers who re-

fuse to partake of the Sacrament." He would recommend that all such first put himself in harmony with the authorities of the Church, put away all things that stand in the way of his partaking it, abstain from taking an active part in the class until he can partake of it worthily and wants to partake of it in order to obtain the blessing promised. He closed by invoking the blessings of God upon all those engaged in Sunday School work.

Elder Joseph W. Summerhays announced that arrangements had now been perfected for the issuing by the Union board of a Bible chart, subject, "Incidents in the Ministry of the Apostle Paul"—and which most probably would be ready by June next, at the same cost as the regular Bible charts are issued by the International Sunday School convention.

Elder Summerhays also stated the Book of Mormon Chart No. 2—subject, "Incidents of the Life of Alma and scenes taken from the Book of Mosiah"—was now in the hands of the publishers, and it was hoped would be ready for sale by the October conference next.

Elder George Teasdale said he did not know any labor in his whole life that had been more delightful to him than that of the Sunday School. He had taken great pleasure teaching the precious jewels the Lord had entrusted to the inhabitants of Zion, and to those who come among us. His teaching the children in simplicity and plainness had been of great value to him in preaching the Gospel to the world. He urged that teachers should teach at home, upon the street, or wherever they are, by their example as well as by their admonitions; and if taught the lessons intended to be instilled by the establishment of the Sabbath Schools of Zion,

he felt sure that a community of righteous children would rise up and call their teachers and superintendents blessed. There is no greater calling than the training of the young and tender minds to revere the name of God and to keep holy all His laws and great will be the reward of all who thus promote this glorious consummation. Choir sang:

"Sleep while the soft evening breezes are blowing."

Elder John M. Whitaker then read a list of Sunday School conferences as follows:

ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES— 1897.

April 24th and 25th, San Juan, Sanpete.

May 8th and 9th, Beaver, Davis.

May 15th and 16th, Parowan, Weber.

May 22nd and 23rd, St. George, Millard.

May 29th and 30th, Kanab.

June 5th and 6th Juab.

June 12th and 13th, Box Elder.

June 19th and 20th, Cassia, Summit.

June 26th and 27th, Utah, Malad.

July 10th and 11th, Bear Lake, Wasatch.

July 17th and 18th, Star Valley, Morgan.

July 25th and 26th, Bannock.

August 7th and 8th, Bingham, Uintah.

August 14th and 15th, Snowflake.

August 21st and 22nd, St. John, Alberta.

August 28th and 29th, St. Joseph, Cache, Oneida.

September 4th and 5th, Maricopa.

September 11th and 12th, Juarez, Emery, Wayne.

September 18th and 19th, San Luis, Sevier, Tooele.

Benediction was pronounced by Elder Anton H. Lund.

Sunday School Reports of Various Missions for 1896.

	1 California	2 Ephraim T. Nye	3 San Francisco, Cal.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028	1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	1036	1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044	1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052	1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	1058	1059	1060	1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068	1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076	1077	1078	1079	1080	1081	1082	1083	1084	1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092	1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124	1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132	1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140	1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	1146	1147	1148	1149	1150	1151	1152	1153	1154	1155	1156	1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164	1165	1166	1167	1168	1169	1170	1171	1172	1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180	1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188	1189	1190	1191	1192	1193	1194	1195	1196	1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204	1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	1212	1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220	1221	122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bloom to her cheek nor the color to her lips. She looked pale and haggard, and certainly had not slept that night.

"Where is Uncle?" asked she of Olga who still tempted her with a cup of coffee.

"He left for home on the early boat, but he said that he would be back again this afternoon."

"All right, Olga, I'll drink your coffee." She sipped it as she stood looking out. "Do you think the rain has ceased for good?"

"It looks a little like it. Shall I not make a fire? It seems cold and raw this morning."

"O, no; I would not. I'm going out if it clears up. And say, Olga, if Hr. Larsen, or Hr. Steen should come while I am away, make them comfortable till I come back, will you?"

"Yes, but—"

"There, now, you must not object. The men are waiting for their breakfast in the kitchen."

A half hour later the sky was nearly clear. The sun shone out bright and warm and dried the wet grass and dripping trees. Atelie cast a light wrap over her shoulders and went out. She walked down the path to the boat house, placed two oars in a light boat, loosened it from its fastenings, stepped in and pushed out into the water. She handled the oars well, as she made for a rocky promontory around which she rowed. Up into a hidden cave she pushed her boat and fastening it to a little landing sprang up the bank. The half hour of exercise had helped her, and brought some color into her face. A path led to a small house in a clearing of the forest. The front door was open and Atelie walked up to it. The odor of cooking coffee greeted her, and within she was warmly welcomed by a

middle aged woman who was preparing the morning meal. "Good morning, Froken Heldman, come right in. You're out early this morning."

"Yes, I had to move a little this morning to keep from giving up altogether. But I am going to call you Sister Nordo, and I wish you wouldn't call me Froken. It sounds too distant between two who are so near and dear."

"Well certainly. Atelie,—I'll call you Atelie if you wish. But may I welcome you and congratulate you? Have you been baptized?"

"No; not yet, but I hope it won't be far distant. Where is Helga?"

"She is milking. She will be in shortly. You seem cold. Sit up to the fire, and I'll give you a cup of coffee."

"I have had coffee, thank you. I'll sit here by the stove though."

Heiga soon came in for her breakfast. She was a round-faced girl, light and not tall. She was the picture of health and strength. She had milked ten cows that morning and strained away the milk in the dairy. She gave Atelie a smile of welcome, and began to coax her to eat breakfast with them.

"No; I'll sit here while you eat, and then I want to talk with you."

She picked up a book and seemed to be busy while the others ate their breakfast. It was hard to carry on the usual happy talk that morning. Atelie's appearance checked any inclination to make trifling remarks.

The meal was quickly finished, and the dishes taken away. The sun shone through the east window on the snow white cloth which Helga spread on the table and the bouquet of flowers which she placed in the center gleamed in the sunlight. Some birds chirped in the trees outside. The day promised to

be bright and fine. Still inside that little room in the clearing, three quiet persons sat, seemingly untouched by the brightness without. The two had partaken of the third's gloomy feelings, though they struggled hard to be as cheerful as possible.

Helga and her mother drew their chairs up to the table. "What do you wish to tell us Atelie? Can we do anything for you?"

Atelie had turned her face to the window and was looking out into the pines. Then she began to sob. The mother quickly went to her and sat down on a chair by her side. The weeping girl threw her arms around the woman's neck and buried her face on her shoulder. No one spoke. The mother stroked the head of thick dark hair, and let the girl sob it out.

Then Atelie forced herself to speak between her sobs. "O, Karen Nordo, you are the only friend I have, you and Helga. Poor father! I cannot help but think of him. And now I am alone, Karen, I feel as though I can not leave you. I don't want to go back to Heimstad. O, let me stay here, Karen, with you and Helga."

"My child, you shall stay as long as you wish. We are your friends. We will do all we can for you. But come, you must not cry longer."

Helga also tried to comfort the girl, but she choked up, and the tears ran down her cheeks also. She had never seen her friend in such a sad condition, and they had become great friends lately—she, the daughter of poor working people, and the Froken of Heimstad. Something had entered both their lives which had leveled all barriers of wealth or learning, and the two girls had become fast friends.

Atelie did get control of herself again

and listened patiently to the mother's kind words. And now they came as a soothing balm to her troubled soul, and brought back to her the remembrance of her own mother who had left her two years ago.

"You will forgive me, wont you for coming here to cry and carry on like this?" said Atelie, "but this morning I felt so terribly downcast I felt that I must come. Yesterday I visited the churchyard and when I saw father's and mother's graves side by side, I suddenly realized that I was alone in the world. I went home, but not to rest. I have not slept a wink all night."

"I can believe you," said Helga, "you look as though you have been sick for a month."

"No; I have'nt been sick, that is bodily, though what I have suffered spiritually during the past few days, no one but God knows. You know father has been going down for a long time, and I had an idea that he would not last long. Well, the day before he died he became restless. The pains came on quite severely at times and he wanted to see Larsen. I was with him all the time and he talked sensibly to me up to within an hour of his death. He talked of you folks and said that when he got over his 'spell,' as he called it he would see to it that Nordo got a position where he could act independently of Uncle Sande, and would not need to hide his religious belief for fear of losing his work."

It was a relief to the girl to pour out her story to sympathetic ears, so she continued:

"Yes; and he had me get his clothes ready so that when Larsen came he could be baptized. He even had me go down to the water and find a suitable

place. 'I'll be well enough in a day or so,' said he, 'and then Larsen will be here, and we'll get baptized, both of us, you and I, Atelie. You believe it's true as well as I, so why shouldn't we go together?' So he talked like that nearly all the time. But he got weaker and weaker. I sent for Uncle Sande and you can imagine he didn't like to hear him talk like that. Uncle was quite angry with him, and told him if he hoped to be forgiven and receive the grace of God, he must not think nor talk of such heresy. But poor father didn't fully understand him and it's well he didn't. The end came so suddenly. And Larsen arrived an hour after, but of course he could not do anything. Uncle would have driven him from the house had he dared. But I asked Larsen in Uncle's hearing to stay until after the funeral, and Hr. Steen also urged it, and so he stayed. But poor father, what condition is he in? O, Sister Nordo!"

Here she was about to break down again, but after a time she went on, the other two listening with rapt attention, and her words found an echo in their hearts.

"He wasn't baptized!" exclaimed Atelie, "and he is gone. That's what I feel so bad over. The words of Christ ring in my ears continually, 'He that believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned,' Also, 'Except a man be born of the water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' We have talked it over with Larsen many a time, father and I, and it must be true if we can believe the word of God—and there's poor father, with full faith in the Gospel, not having performed its requirements, not a member of the Church of Christ—and there's mother, too, as good a wo-

man as ever lived. She died before this came. She too, then must be lost—they are both lost—'damned' is the word of the Savior Himself! And then think of all our ancestors, most of them brave, good people. There are thousands of them, millions of them. And again, the whole world is like our own country. Are they all to be lost? Are they all to be damned forever, and but a handful receive the blessings of Christ's Kingdom. Every minute a human being dies. The heathen totally in the dark, the Christian believing he is going to heaven, but virtually knowing not the truth. And they all go to hell, do they? O, mother Nordo and Helga, I've been thinking such things until I fear I will lose my mind; I must tell it to some one. But it's wrong to think and talk like this, isn't it? It's terrible to do it I know, but I can't help it, O I can't!"

The words ended in a low wail. The girl turned pale, and clasped her head in her hands. She would have fallen to the floor, had not the mother caught her and carried her to a lounge. The strain had been too much for her and she fainted. She lay as one dead, her pale face paler from the contrast with her dark hair. Helga and her mother worked over her, but it was fully half an hour before she opened her eyes. Then when she caught sight of the two anxious faces bending over her, she smiled.

The troubled look had gone. From her face beamed a peace that showed that an answer had been given to her questions. She sat up.

"I am so weak," she said, "and so tired. May I lie down here on your lounge and rest a little?"

Helga already had a pillow and a coverlet which she arranged for her.

Atelie smiled at them but said nothing. She lay down again and let them tuck the coverlet around her. In a few minutes she was asleep. Softly they closed the blinds and shut the doors and left her in quiet to rest.

Nephi Anderson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WATER DRINKING.

STRANGE ideas concerning food and drink have possessed people's minds at different times in the world's history. Articles of food that once were popular are not used today. Articles that are deemed very healthful now were either unknown in former times or were not used. At the present time in various countries on the continent of Europe, water is not regarded as a proper beverage. In parts of Germany and in other parts of Europe, if a person asks for water to drink, he is looked upon with surprise, and his request is thought to be a very strange one. There have been cases of Latter-day Saints who have embraced the Gospel in foreign lands who have told the Elders that the only time they ever tasted water was when they partook of the Sacrament. This may sound very strange to Americans, and yet there are many places in this country where if a person drinks water at his meals instead of tea or coffee he attracts notice. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries water was in no favor as a beverage in England. The medical testimony three hundred years ago in that country was against water drinking. Few writers could be found who would say a good word for it. Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Rules of Health," 1541, said of the Cornishmen that "There are many of the poorer sort which never, or

very seldom, drink any other drink (than water) who are notwithstanding strong of body and live well until they be of great age." This statement by this writer was quoted as a very curious instance, for it was contrary to the general opinion that people could drink water as a beverage and still remain healthy.

Another writer, Thomas Cogan, a medical school-master and a man of some fame at Manchester, in his "Haven of Health," 1589, designed for the use of students, says that he "knew some who drink cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt." Dr. James Hart, writing about fifty years later, could even claim among his acquaintances "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink (than water) and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink of the strongest."

Notwithstanding what Sir Thomas Elyot said of the Cornishmen, he felt very certain "that there be in water causes of divers diseases, as of the swelling of the spleen and the liver." He complains also that it "flitteth and swimmeth," and concludes that "to young men and them that be of hot complexion it is less harm, and sometimes it improveth, but to them that are feeble and old it is not convenient." Another eminent man, Andrew Borde, gave as the result of a life's experience that "water is not healthsome for an Englishman."

One of the strongest indictments against water is that of Venner, who writing in 1622, says concerning those that dwell in cold countries that "water doth very greatly deject their appetites, destroy the natural heat and overthrow the strength of the stomach and is the cause of numerous fluctuations and windiness in the body."

A DOCTOR of Divinity has written quite an article in an English magazine in favor of the Indians of our country. He credits them with being the most religious and the most moral of all the pagan races whose record history has preserved. They have a large stock of natural virtues, but have suffered greatly from the contagion of the white man's vices. French Catholic priests who have labored among them, he says, place them, in respect to morals, above the French peasants and as not being inferior to any other nation of Europe. This gentleman quotes from an eminent Canadian judge who told him that there was a smaller proportion of crimes among the Indians than among the whites. It may sound strange to many readers to hear what this gentleman quotes from Bishop Whipple, who he says writes, "In thirty-six years' experience I never knew one to tell me a lie and never had anything stolen by one one of them."

The worst charges brought against the Indian are his cruelty and treachery in war; but this writer explains that revenge is the only shield against wrong in such a society, and is the only way in which justice can assert itself. He says: "The red man is melting away like snow before the sun. The chief reason is, if the truth must be told, that they are dying of diseases that afflict only evil livers and which have been given them by white men. No darker page than this can be found in the history of our race."

Tradition tells us that the Prophet Isaiah met death by being sawn asunder. He died a martyr in this cruel manner, if tradition can be relied upon. Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews speaks of the people of God and their

trials and persecutions, and mentions being sawn asunder as one of the modes of death which they endured. He does not mention Isaiah in this connection, but if Isaiah died in this manner he no doubt had him in mind in speaking of this mode of martyrdom.

What are called the "higher critics" are doing to Isaiah's writings what tradition says his enemies did to his body. They are sawing his writings asunder, and trying to make it appear that there are not only "two Isaiahs," but are cutting his prophecies up into bits and scraps and trying to make it appear that his writings are the work of numbers of writers. It is now stated that from chapters one to thirty-nine of Isaiah's book is in reality a "collection of prophetic articles showing manifest proofs of composite authorship," which means, in plain English, that Isaiah's writings were edited by other men. In this way these "higher critics" are preparing the way for the people to reject the Bible and its prophecies and revelations as unreliable. They are destroying the faith of the people in the scriptures, the word of God.

The Editor.

WOMEN are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

A MAN in old age is like a sword in a shop window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed.

THE manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

A BATHER'S PERIL.**A Thrilling Incident At Sea.**

A THRILLING incident in which a shark and a venturesome bather figured was among the experiences of the crew of the Ericsson torpedo boat, the Destroyer, on its trip to Brazil last winter, when it was commanded by Captain Josh Slocum of East Boston. "The Destroyer was lying off Martinique at the time," said Captain Slocum to a Boston *Herald* reporter, "Being under repairs. The days passed slowly for all hands and the weather—for the average temperature was 90 degrees or more—was decidedly uncomfortable. One of those on whom the heat preyed most was Kuhn, an engineer. He was thirty-two years old and had lived all his life in New York City. He was short in stature and quite stout, perspiring freely under the burning sun of the tropics. He had not been to sea very much and was willing to take more chances than the ordinary sailor.

"We could not see any sharks in the bay, and the natives told us none were there, but I had my suspicions. I said to myself: 'If one gets hold of Kuhn he will have a tender mouthful.' The natives also told us that a shark occasionally came around, but that he was harmless. I put no faith in the yarn about harmless sharks. They are always liable to be about coral reefs and around ships, and they are always hungry.

"Kuhn went in bathing one morning when the sun was well over the foreyard. He stripped to the skin and made a pretty dive off the starboard side of the boat. The Destroyer's deck is only eight or ten inches from the water, and no more seductive place to take a swim from, could be imagined.

"He had been in the water five or ten minutes when I advised him to come aboard; that if 'John Shark' should chance to sample him, sticking plaster would never make him whole again. 'Oh there are no sharks,' he said. The American consul, who was aboard, said there were none in the bay. The boat was anchored then about one and a half miles from shore.

"The engineer was about twenty yards out in the water when I saw the fin of a shark about seventy-five yards off.

'Look out, Kuhn!' I shouted. 'There's a shark out there.'

"He did not linger long in the water after that, but made for the boat as fast as his arms and legs could carry him. He was a good swimmer. We noticed with horror that the shark, scenting his prey, was moving slowly in his direction. Kuhn became more and more energetic in his endeavors to get to the boat, and the shark, no doubt fearing that his prey was going to escape his hungry maw, put on all steam and made for his intended victim at a swift pace. We could see that it was going to be a close shave. The shark, as he darted forward, lashed the sea with his tail like a pleased tiger.

"All the crew were on deck watching the flight for escape, with their hearts in their throats. They crowded to the side of the boat to help the swimmer up when he should get within reaching distance. Kuhn, between the excitement and his nervousness, was fast losing his strength, and seemed to move through the water at a snail's pace.

"One of the cool men aboard was Mr. Brown, the engineer of the *Santuit*, the ocean tug that accompanied the Destroyer south. It was lucky that he had his rifle within easy reach. It was a fine Martini Henry Arms, carrying a

45 calibre bullet. Brown snatched it up the minute the chase of the shark began, and with his feet planted firmly on the deck, pressed it to his shoulder and got the sights in line with the shark, then waited for a favorable opportunity to fire.

"It was a ticklish moment. The shark by this time, was so near that Brown could not fire without running risk of hitting Kuhn, especially as the water was being agitated considerably. The swimmer must have heard the sharp whish of the maneater's fin as it cleft the water, and the sound was anything but pleasant, you may imagine.

"Brown was familiar with sharks enough to know that they have a way of rising almost entirely out of the water to jump upon their prey, and waited for that moment to speed the bullet to its mark. A tremendous responsibility rested on his shoulders. What if the cartridge should fail to explode at the critical time? Happily, however, it did not fail to explode, neither did Brown fail in his aim.

"When the swimmer was about fifteen feet from the boat the shark was nearly on him.

"'Oh, Lord! Save me!' was his despairing cry.

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the maneater made a lunge for him, rising out of the water to show the whole of his terrible twenty foot length. His great mouth opened wide enough to take in a flour barrel. Just then Brown fired. The shark's mouth closed instantly and with the last effort of life he shot impotently over the legs of his would-be victim, his sandpaper-like side rubbing off the skin in a good sized patch.

"Kuhn was nearly dead from fright when we pulled him aboard. It didn't

take him long to get in over the side, even without the aid of a stepladder. He fell on the neck of the man who had saved his life and embraced him fervently. He was as white as a ghost."

JEAN INGELOW.

MISS JEAN INGELOW lives with her brother, in Addison Road, Kensington, her house half hidden by the high walled garden of which a small conservatory, adjoining the house, is a special feature. Here the poet is most especially at home, and here a lady interviewer recently found her with other friends.

"Miss Ingelow," she says, "came in with a little air of shyness that invested her with quaint personality. In her black satin striped dress and velvet bodice, with a white lace cap adorned with ribbons, the poet looked like a thorough English gentlewoman. Her refined features had a smile of welcome, and her bright eyes had a droll glance that seemed to say that, on the whole, she had found the world very amusing. In appearance she was in that period called middle age, and had found it more practical than romantic, a field for charity and social usefulness, perhaps rather than for poetry."

As to the conversation, the interviewer says: "Like her prose, rather than her poetry, she was decisive, penetrating, and frank, her seriousness often lightened with a flash of drollery."

LET fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, so long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.

NOTHING can justly be despised that cannot justly be blamed; where there is no choice there can be no blame.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

WE are asked concerning the allusion in the 1st chapter of John's Revelations to the "seven churches which are in Asia," unto whom John the Revelator wrote. Our correspondent says: "If there is but one church, and we say the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whether it be in England, Mexico, Canada or Utah, how can it be reconciled that the Lord in those days recognized seven churches and today only one?" He also adds: "Was it not one church then, and was there not one head then?"

It does not follow, because the word is used in the plural, that these churches were of different faiths. They were but the one church. In the 25th chapter of the Book of Mosiah, 18-22 pars., a condition of things as described there doubtless prevailed in Asia at the time that John wrote to these seven churches.

18. Therefore Alma did go forth into the water, and did baptize them; yea, he did baptize them after the manner he did his brethren in the waters of Mormon; yea, and as many as he did baptize did belong to the church of God; and this because of their belief on the words of Alma.

19. And it came to pass that king Mosiah granted unto Alma, that he might establish churches throughout all the land of Zarahemla; and gave him power to ordain priests and teachers over every church.

20. Now this was done because there were so many people that they could not all be governed by one teacher; neither could they all hear the word of God in one assembly;

21. Therefore they did assemble themselves together in different bodies, being called churches; every church

having their priests and their teachers, and every priest preaching the word according as it was delivered to him by the mouth of Alma.

22. And thus, notwithstanding there being many churches, they were all one church; yea, even the church of God; for there was nothing preached in all the churches except it were repentance and faith in God.

There are also frequent allusions in the revelations of the Lord contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, to "the churches." In Section XX, par. 81, the duty of "the several churches composing the church of Christ" is described.

In Section XLV, par. 64, the Lord says to the Elders, speaking concerning the people that they should preach to, "Inasmuch as they do repent, build up churches unto me."

In Section LI allusions are made also to the churches.

In Section LII the Elders are commanded to "watch over the churches."

In Section LX the Elders are told what to do until they return to the churches from whence they came; and all this for the good of the church.

In Section LXIII the Lord says, "And now speedily visit the churches."

In Section LXXII we read of Elders "recommended by the church or churches in which he labors."

In Section LXXXIV Newel K. Whitney is commanded to travel among all the churches.

In Section XC the Prophet is commanded to set in order the churches.

In Section CIII all the churches are required to send up wise men, etc.

Section CXII states that "the burden of all the churches" was laid upon the Prophet Joseph, Sidney Rigdon and Hyrum Smith.

In Section CXXIV one of the duties of the Elders is described to be "to

preside over the churches from time to time."

From all these quotations it is very plain that the Lord Himself, in order to make clear the duties of the Elders, uses the word "churches." and yet they were all His Church. They might be described as branches of the Church.

THE Catholic Church has an "Index of Prohibited Books," which has been in existence for some hundreds of years, or at any rate since the discovery of printing. The first Index dates from Pope Paul IV, and has been added to by different Popes since then. It has been felt that there should be a revision of this Index, so that the public may know definitely what works are dangerous to public morals. The *Freeman's Journal*, which is a Catholic paper, says: "The necessity for this has long since commended itself to many moralists outside the Catholic Church, for society, such as it is constituted today, sorely stands in need of such a censor."

In the revised form, the Index has fifty-nine paragraphs, which contain many suggestions that might be profitable for members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to take to heart. We make some extracts from them:

All books written by apostates and those who promulgate heresy or attack the fundamentals of religion, are strictly forbidden.

All writings of non-Catholics that discuss religion are prohibited, unless it has been settled that they contain nothing contrary to the Catholic faith.

All translations of the scriptures into the mother tongue, whether published by Catholics or others, are absolutely

forbidden, unless they have been approved by the Apostolic See, or been published under the supervision of the Bishops.

All Bible translations made by non-Catholics are prohibited; especially those of the Bible Societies, because they have not been supervised by Church authority.

All books are condemned that contain attacks on God, on the "Blessed Virgin Mary," on the Saints, on the Catholic Church, the sacraments, the Apostolic See; and also all books that attack the Church authorities or the clergy.

Newspapers, journals and periodicals that purposely attack religion and good morals are strictly forbidden.

The Bishops are to see to it that the faithful are warned against such dangerous reading.

No Catholic, and especially no minister, is allowed to publish anything in such papers, no matter what it may be, unless there be just and reasonable ground for doing so.

All the faithful are in duty bound to submit to the church's judgment of those writings and publications that treat of the Holy Scriptures, of the theology of the church, of the philosophy of religion, and ethics, or other religious or moral subjects, and in general all writings that treat of religion and morals.

Priests are not allowed to publish, without the consent of Bishops, any works on art or natural sciences, if their object is to demonstrate their learning or acumen; nor are they allowed, without the permission of their Bishop, to assume the editorship or publication of newspapers or periodicals.

The above extracts show the spirit of these rules and their rigid character. It is by the enforcement of such rules

as these that the Roman Catholic Church endeavors to check the "unbridled craze for writing" and "the phenomenal multiplication of bad books." The discipline of the Catholic Church is very strict, and the fathers of that church are determined to prevent its members from being led astray by the writings of apostates and other enemies of their church. The Catholic church is not afraid to enforce these rules, much as they come in contact with the popular ideas concerning the liberty which people ought to have in selecting their own reading matter. They recognize the fact that there is much pernicious literature, that should not enter into the houses or fall into the hands of the members of their church; and that there is enough that is truthful, and that does not attack their religion, which their members can read; and they do not hesitate to say what kind of works shall not be read, and to use all their authority to enforce their views.

It has never been thought necessary in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to frame rules of this kind; but it certainly is to the interest of every father and mother of a family to prescribe rules for their household. If they wish their children to be preserved from falsehood and error, wise parents will not allow books or journals which attack those principles which they hold sacred, and for which they have been willing to sacrifice all things, to enter into their houses; neither should they, if they have any regard for the servants of God, permit any writings which defame these servants and misrepresent and falsify their characters to become the reading matter of their children.

GREAT minds have wills; feeble ones have wishes.

TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLAND MISSION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 287.)

AFTER returning from Tupuai, Elder Brown, in company with his son, sailed for the Tuamotu group of islands whither Elders Damron and Jones had gone. Upon arrival at the island of Takaroa the Elders learned that there would be held a conference of the Church at Faite on January 6th. This was in the year 1892. Accordingly they made arrangements with some of the natives to take them on their boats when they went to conference.

As might be supposed when the natives heard that one of the old missionaries was coming to their gathering they were full of expectation at the thought of seeing one of those whom they had talked about and heard talked about for many years, and at the same time they were very shy and watchful least they receive a wolf in sheep's clothing as some of their number had done on other occasions. There were some at the gathering though who remembered "Iatopo," (Bro. James S. Brown) and who described him when they knew him as a very tall young man. But when he appeared among them with a pair of crutches and only one leg besides being advanced in years, they pondered some time and asked him many questions as to the names of places and people before they were satisfied in their minds that he was their friend.

After satisfying themselves on this point they turned to doctrines of the Church and manner of conducting meetings, etc. During the absence of the Elders they had got in the habit of having but two hymns sung during the meeting and allowing but one man to preach, and it was wrong in their minds

to have anything different. After some explanations were given and Brother Brown had preached to them, they accepted the Elders as their teachers and guides, but on account of the ruts they had got in, and their being like children the missionaries had much uphill work to do. After conference Elder Brown and son went to Anaa where he had formerly labored, and where he, forty years before, had been taken prisoner on a man-o-war.

The work again being re-opened and the missionaries received President Brown wrote home for more Elders. Accordingly eight young men were given three weeks' notice to prepare themselves to leave San Francisco on March 1st, 1893. Their names were Edward Sudbury, Frank Goff, Frank Cutler, C. J. Larsen, Jr., Thos. L. Woodbury, Fred C. Rossiter, Jesse M. Fox and the writer. After a sail of twenty days and six hours the ship "Galilee" upon which they had sailed cast anchor in Papeete bay, but no Elder or Saint was there to meet them. They, however, rented a small house and awaited the coming of President Brown, who arrived there in the forepart of May. After spending some time in Tahiti and appointing the Elders to their fields of labor, President Brown, left for home on July the 8th on the "Galilee," in company with his son Elando, and Elder Sudbury, the latter returning on account of sickness.

Elders Woodbury and Larsen had on May the 16th sailed for the Tuamotus and when the other three left for America there was but five left on Tahiti. Elders Goff and Fox were appointed to Tupuai, but were unable until November to sail for their field of labor, as vessels rarely called there. Elder Fox had suffered for several months from ill-health previous to his departure for

Tupuai and being no better he was released in January '94 to return home.

The remaining Elders traveled principally thereafter on the Tuamotu Islands, but nothing of importance happened with them until in March '95, when some were forbidden to preach to, or teach the people, by the resident Governor, E. A. Martin.

Three new Elders had arrived at Tahiti on the 4th of January of that year, whose names were George F. Despain, Alonzo F. Smith and Arthur Dickerson. Brother Despain was with Elder Jones at the island of Takaroa when the Governor, in the above mentioned month, paid the people a visit and had the brethren appear before him. His questions to them were many as to what they were doing, and how they obtained a living. He collected taxes from them, and forbid them to preach, and told them to do away with their evening Bible class. Towards the end of March when the Governor returned to the island where he lived, Fakarava he learned that there were two Latter-day Saint missionaries whose names were C. J. Larsen and E. M. Cannon on the island, but at the other village, Tetamanu, some thirty miles distant. On the 22nd they each received a letter from the Governor, the translation of Elder Cannon's is as follows:

"ROTOAVA, March 22nd, 1895.

"MONSIEUR CANNON:

"I have the honor to inform you that your sojourning on the Tuamotus is not legal. I therefore write you since you are at Tetamanu to come to Rotoava and give me the information which I need to authorize you temporarily to sojourn in the Archipelago.

"Receive the assurance of my perfect consideration. E. A. MARTIN."

As Conference time was approaching Elders Larsen and Cannon made preparations to go there, and on their way on March 30th stopped off at Rotoava and paid the Governor a visit. He first asked us our names and what our business was. We told him and he then asked as to where we got our authority to come there. We told him that we were sent by the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We were next asked as to how we got our support, and if we did not collect money from the natives. The reply was that we collected no money whatever from the natives but our friends in America sent us money in letters. As the money never came registered he would not believe what we said, and stated that we were telling him untruths. He then told us to preach no more until we got permits to do so from the Governor at Tahiti, and if we disobeyed his charge we would be liable to fine and imprisonment. He also gave us three months in which to obtain the permits, and if we failed we would be banished. He said that he was going to do away with our conference gatherings, which had been held regularly for over forty years, and that the one we were expecting to participate in, on the 6th of April at Takaroa, would never be held.

He gave us a tirade of abuse by calling us beggars, spongers off the natives, idlers who had nothing to do in our own country, and for that reason were shipped out there, and compared us to Josephite missionaries who he stated came there, filled their trunks with money and then returned home. We gave him to understand that we had nothing whatever to do with those missionaries or the organization to which they belonged and were not therefore

responsible at all for their actions. We also disclaimed that any of our missionaries did any such a thing as collect money from the natives for the purpose of taking to America.

Another accusation against us was that we tried to evade paying our taxes.

We informed him that we were not aware that foreigners were subject to any tax, while sojourning among them, and that we had never received a notice to pay any.

We were then dismissed and went to prepare for our sail to Takaroa, but were soon confronted by a gendarme who served us with tax notices to the amount of \$28.06 which we would have to pay before leaving the island, and that if within five days they were not paid our trunks and belongings would be confiscated. We accordingly paid our taxes, and that evening sailed for Takaroa.

Our conference was stopped by his orders, but the Saints held their regular meetings on Sunday. Things being in such a state President Damron, and Elders Cutler and Jones sailed for Tahiti where the matter was laid before United States Consul J. Lamb Doty, and a petition was made out to Governor Papino of Tahiti for permits to preach. Consul Doty appeared before the Governor several times in our behalf, but the Governor claimed he could grant us no permits to preach, but that he would forward the petition to the home government in France. Secretary Olney, of the United States Government, was also made aware of the state of affairs by Mr. Doty, and he in answer directed the Consul to go and remind the Governor of the treaty which was entered into between the two governments, and which permitted American citizens to travel in French possessions without being interfered with, as long as they

kept the laws of the land and conducted themselves properly, and which accorded the same privileges to the Frenchmen in America. He was also informed that the American Government would not allow any of its subjects to be mistreated.

The Governor then informed Mr. Doty that he could issue no written permits, but that he would authorize him to inform the Elders that they were at liberty to now go forth and preach.

The Elders did so, but not before President Cutler was severely censured by Governor Martin of the Tuamotus when he arrived there with the word that the Elders could preach to and teach the people as they had done formerly. Brother Cutler was subjected to many indignities at the hands of this man, and was treated as anything but a gentleman. The Elders again began to preach and teach publicly and are doing so today with the branches of the Church in a thriving condition there being over one thousand members in the Church of men, women, and children in the Society and Tuamotu islands.

Eugene M. Cannon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHO can tell where any slander will end? The dissensions that spring up, and embitter the peace of a household or neighborhood, may often be traced to some careless "I heard it said so," to some unfair and often quite false accusation.

NOT the brilliancy of success but the purity of our endeavors and faithful perseverance in duty, even when the result was scarcely visible, will decide as to the value of a man's life.

KIND words are the music of the world.

THE STUBBORN OTHER FOLK.

COL. PAGE, who commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil War, often used to tell laughingly his first experience in marching the raw men who had enlisted for the War of the Rebellion. He was given command of a company, and, after some preparatory drill, led them down a street in Philadelphia. They marched as well as could be expected for several blocks, when suddenly from the ranks rang out a loud "Halt!"

The men wavered and then came to a full stop.

"Who gave that order?" thundered the enraged captain.

"Potts, sir! Potts!" a dozen voices called out, and every eye turned on Potts, a stout German, a butcher by trade.

"What do you mean, sir, by giving that order?" demanded the captain.

"Well, sir, I've been trying for two blocks to get this company to keep step with me, and they wouldn't do it. So I stopped them to begin all over again."

Col. Page's anecdote suggests the story of the old Scotchwoman who called on her minister to say that she and her brother John had decided that all the members of the Scottish kirk believed false doctrine and would be lost, and that John and she would in future worship at home by themselves.

"I am very glad," said the minister dryly, "that there are two of you who are all right and will be saved."

"Aweel, I'm no sayin'!" said Jean, shaking her head. "Times I hae ma doots o' John."

WE attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

IS BAPTISM ESSENTIAL.

IN the latter part of 1894, during my recent mission in England, while tracting the town of Urmston near Manchester, I became acquainted with a lady by the name of Grover. She was identified with the Wesleyans. She stated to me that if she could be convinced that baptism was essential, she would be pleased to accept that ordinance. Shortly after I wrote to her the following letter:

HAMPDEN GROVE, PATRICROFT,
NEAR MANCHESTER,
March 2nd, 1895.

Mrs. Grover, Urmston:

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Since our friendly acquaintance we have had several pleasant conversations upon the Gospel of Jesus Christ—a subject which should be first and foremost in the minds of all the human race. I have enjoyed myself very much in your society. You are one, among many, who are striving to do what is right. At our last interview (February 27, '95) you expressed yourself as being willing to accept the principle of baptism if you could be convinced that it is essential. I was pleased to hear your frank expression in this respect, and if you will devote a few moments to reading this epistle, and do so with a prayerful heart, I shall feel well repaid for my trouble in inditing it. While I am thus engaged I hope I shall be guided by the influence of the Holy Spirit, which leads us into all truth.

There is no subject which should be more interesting to those professing Christianity than the salvation of the soul. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and all should be willing to do what is required of them in obeying the commands of God and

walking in that narrow path which leads to eternal life. Jesus Christ left His heavenly home, received a tabernacle of flesh and blood and was crucified for our sins. The sufferings He bore, the pain and anguish He endured, should produce within us a spirit of love—a love of such an ardent nature as would cause us to be willing to follow the example He set and to fully carry out the commandments He gave.

"Is baptism by immersion essential to the salvation of mankind," is a question which many have asked in their minds. I will answer this important question in the affirmative, and will produce my proof from the Bible. There is no passage in that divine record which proves it to be in the negative, notwithstanding there are millions who are under the impression that baptism by immersion is not positively essential. Says Jesus: "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Now let us see what was His will. Jesus says: "I and my Father are one," so that whatever the Savior taught was the Lord's will. Let me first refer to the example which Jesus, set as a pattern unto all the world at the time of His baptism. You will find it recorded in Matthew 3: 13-17:

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

"But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

"And Jesus when he was baptized went up straightway out of the water, and lo the heavens were opened unto him,

and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him.

"And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Here we see that Jesus, who was without sin, was baptized that he might set an example to His followers, and as St. Matthew says, "to fulfil all righteousness." How much more necessary then is it for us who have committed sin to receive baptism? As further proof that it was strictly divine and in accordance with the will of God, in the last verse of the chapter referred to we see His Father's approbation in the following words: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Why was it pleasing in His sight? Because He had obeyed the mandate of His Heavenly Father. Then if it was necessary for Jesus who was without sin to render obedience to that command (baptism), is it not essential that we who are sinners should obey that ordinance?

Many may say: "I believe in baptism by sprinkling but not by immersion." Where is there proof in the Bible that this method is correct or that infant baptism was instituted in the primitive church? Jesus took little children in His arms and blessed them but there is no inference given that He sprinkled them. If immersion was not the mode why did Jesus go into the river Jordan to be baptized? Why did John the Baptist baptize "in Ænon near to Salim because there was much water there?" Why did the Ethiopian Eunuch when he was converted say, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" and then why did he with Philip go down into the water and come up out of the water?

The word baptize is a Greek word and signifies "to dip, to plunge, to im-

merse." Such classical writers as Polybins Strabo and Don Cassius who lived prior to or at the time of Christ used the word in this sense.

Paul, in the 6th chapter of Romans, 4th verse, and 2nd chapter of Colossians, 12th verse, represents baptism as a burial. If the mode were sprinkling, would it resemble a burial? Certainly not. Would immersion represent a burial? Yes. Paul represents baptism as the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. (*Romans 6:3-5.*)

"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death.

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

In order to more clearly explain this beautiful representation, I will say that when a candidate is truly prepared to receive baptism, he must first have faith—a living faith; a faith without a doubt in the atonement of Jesus Christ. His conscience is then awakened, and he fully realizes the necessity of repentance. When he comes to the water's edge he should come, as it were, with a broken heart and a contrite spirit. He makes a covenant that he will lead a new life, that he will keep the commandments of God, and walk in the narrow path as near as the imperfections of his nature will allow him. He has the understanding that baptism is for the remission of sins:

"John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." (*Mark 1: 4.*)

"Repent and be baptized, every one

of you, for the remission of sins." (*Acts* 2:38.)

The candidate is then immersed (or buried in baptism) and comes forth like a new being. But if the candidate was sprinkled, would that in any way portray this beautiful symbol referred to?

But perhaps sufficient has been said in regard to the mode, now let me bring further proof that baptism is essential.

In Matthew 3:5, 6, we read concerning John the Baptist:

"Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the regions round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins."

The Apostle John³ states that Jesus and His disciples baptized more than John the Baptist. On the day of Pentecost there were three thousand baptized. If it was not essential, why were such a numerous host baptized?

In the 7th chapter of Luke, 29 and 30 verses, we learn that baptism was the counsel of God.

"And all the people that heard him (Jesus), and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him."

Let me refer you to the conversion of Saul, or Paul. It was at the time when there was great persecution against the church at Jerusalem. While on his way to Damascus to continue his diabolical work of persecution, a light from heaven shone round about him, and he was struck to the earth; a voice said to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" The reply was: "I am Jesus Christ whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." And Saul, trembling, said: "What wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord said:

Arise, go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." He was struck speechless, but went into the city, and there awaited a message which should tell him what he must do. Ananias, a devout man, being instructed of the Lord to tell Paul what was required of him, came and laid his hands upon him and he received his sight. After which Paul learned what Jesus wanted him to do; for Ananias said: "And now, why tarriest thou, arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins." Sprinkling could not have washed them away; it required baptism by immersion.

One more illustration: Cornelius, a devout man, one that feared God with all His house, who gave alms to the poor, and prayed daily to God, received a vision. An angel appeared to him, and told him his prayers were heard, and that he was to send to Joppa for one Peter, who should tell him words whereby he and his household should be saved. Did Peter tell this devout man that he could be saved by belief alone? No; after preaching to him concerning Jesus Christ and the remission of sins, he commanded him to be baptized. Today, a good man like Cornelius would be told by ministers professing Christianity that he could be saved without the ordinance of baptism.

If it is the word of God that baptism is necessary and if Peter, Paul and other disciples of the Savior taught it, why should man change the ordinance and say it is not necessary? Well might Isaiah say, "The earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof, because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlasting covenant."

Who authorized man to change the ordinances of God? Where is their authority to change the mode of baptism

from immersion to sprinkling? Baptism is a commandment of God, and all who endeavor to change such a sacred ordinance will have to give an account some day and receive just punishment for the same.

The blind man was told by Jesus to wash in the pool of Siloam. He would not have received his sight by washing in any other pool. The Lord gave instructions to Joshua for the children of Israel to blow trumpets of ram's horns, and march round the walls of the city, once each day for six days, and on the seventh day they should go round it seven times and then give a loud shout. When this was done, the walls of the city of Jericho would fall down. Had they failed to carry out these instructions literally, they would not have gained the victory over the inhabitants thereof.

Before concluding, I desire to bring forth another passage, and one which I consider is the strongest in Holy Writ in favor of the essentiality of baptism. Jesus, in speaking to Nicodemus in regard to the salvation of man, said, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Does sprinkling represent a birth? No.

Upon the principles of the Gospel by which man can become a fit subject for the kingdom of God, hours could be spent in preaching and conversing. Volumes could be written in its favor without exhausting the subject; but probably sufficient has been said.

In conclusion, let me say that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as preached by Him and His disciples, was taken away from the earth after the death of the Apostles; the earth, for seventeen centuries was in darkness, but now joyful tidings have been proclaimed. The angel which John saw on the Isle of Patmos has flown through the heavens

(Rev. 14), and the Gospel, as taught by the Savior and His Apostles, has been again restored to earth.

If you desire to receive a knowledge concerning this glorious Gospel, read our literature, listen to the preaching and teachings of our Elders; pray earnestly, and the Lord will give you a testimony that this is the truth.

Praying that the Lord will bless you, that you may clearly understand the scriptures in the true light and meaning thereof, and may so live that at the end of life's journey it may be said of you, "Well done, good and faithful servant,"

I remain your sincere friend and well wisher,
Robert Aveson.

WHAT I LIKE.

I LIKE to see a man a *man*,
And act upright and fair,
And one who ne'er would pass by those
Who need a kind friend's care.
This man will ever boldly stand,
And troubles bravely face,
And foremost ever onward run
In life's long tiring race.

I like to see a woman kind,
Nor care if she be fair;
To me the beauty of the mind
Is e'er beyond compare.
The woman who makes truth her guide,
Though young or old she be,
Is of her sex the hope and pride,
And what I like to see.

I like to see the children play
In innocence and glee,
It brings to mind each happy day,
And scenes long gone from me.
My childhood's home, my friends so kind,
All now are far away,
But memory brings them to my mind,
When I see children play.

I like to hear the linnets sing
High in the greenwood tree;
Their voices with sweet gladness ring
And fill my heart with glee.
God save the bird its honny voice
To make the earth more glad.
And oh! it makes my heart rejoice,
E'en when it seems most sad.

—F. J. Davis.

Our Little Folks.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
April 27th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Last February, I was ten years old. My brothers and sisters wanted to have a "surprise party" for me, and papa and mamma let them. For three or four days before my birthday, which was on the 18th, they kept me feeling real bad, because I thought they were slighting me, and did not like me. They would be talking together, and laughing too, and as soon as I came near them, they would hush up, and act as though they could not trust me. When my birthday came, and they brought me into the room where the friends were that had been invited, I saw what it all meant, and we had a good time. Of course, I was glad then, and thanked them all for being good to me, and trying to make me happy. But they had hurt my feelings so much in trying to keep me from finding out what they were doing, that I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over it. Well, I did both, and I don't know whether I like "surprise parties" or not. Maybe I should like one all right, if every one could be good and pleasant to me while they were getting it up. But I think that having a good time for one afternoon, hardly pays for feeling bad two or three days. Mamma says if she ever lets us children do any thing like that again, the one that is to be surprised shall be treated extra good, and coaxed instead of being scolded out of the way. That would make it all right I think. But I think to know what our friends are doing for us, and enjoy thinking of the good time

we hope to have would give us more happiness than having a surprise. I should like it better.

Tommy Smith.

An Evening Walk.

Away from merry, dancing throng,
To where the hill slopes rise and fall,
To search for wild flowers, hidden oft
'Mid sage brush, gray, with taste like gall.

The rosy glow of sunset lent
A charm of brightness to the scene;
Then purple twilight gently blent,
And softened nature's gayer mien.

The silence round was almost felt,
Save when the plaint of lonely bird
Broke out, and distant marksman's gun
The sleeping mountain echoes stirred.

The first we found were lilac cups
Growing low upon the ground;
Then tall and slender stalks rose up
With delicate eye-like blossoms
crowned.

Daisies clothed with modest grace,
Sego buds, and waving grass,
Were severed from their resting place,
And gathered in one clustering mass.

A rock was pushed from o'er a place
When drops of pure spring water fell,
And, there, lay neath the tiny stream,
A lizard, drowned in shallow well.

Oh, that, like this, each hateful thing,
Thought, glance, which prompts to
evil deed,

Could drown 'neath pure resolves
which spring,

And to all noble efforts lead!

Like blue bell sought, we could not find,
Are mortal's wishes, (seldom few);
We slight the sweets already found,
And always seek for something new.

Annie Kay Hardy.

DEAR LETTER BOX:—I will tell you about what good times we have had this winter. In front of our school-house, we made a big snow-house and a snow man, but the boys knocked them down.

Sometimes our Uncle would take us to school on horse-back.

Little Edna.

SALINA, April 20th, 1897.

DEAR EDITOR:—In reading your little letters in the JUVENILE, I thought I would try and relate an incident which occurred July 12th, 1896.

The day was cloudy and dull; it had been raining off and on for several days, and the roads were very slushy. About 2 o'clock, a big shower came. As soon as it stopped raining, mamma sent me for the cows. They were on the other side of the river feeding in the pasture.

I got the cows, and in coming home I had to go through the river twice. Just as I was crossing over the second time, I heard a great roar. I was in the middle of the river; and as the Sevier River is quite wide, I was some distance from either side. But I rode as quickly as possible, and had scarcely reached shore when the horrible flood came dashing past. I stood still for a moment, struck with amazement, when I realized my position. I rode quickly home, and just arrived in time to hear that the flood had swept all of papa's grain into the river. It was a day of great excitement in Salina. The old inhabitants say it was the worst flood that has ever been in Sevier County. There were five more besides papa that lost all their grain. When the men went to the field, it was a sad sight to see. Their fields which had been all green and waving, were swept away,

and in the place were great heaps of wood, rocks and trash of all kind. All their machinery was gone; plows, scrapers, harrows, cutting machines, and all were in the river, even a large straw stack had been taken into the river, so great was its force. I am positive that it was through the blessings of the Lord that I was saved from being drowned in the river, and I will always remember my narrow escape, and thank Him.

Elroy Jensen. Age, 13 years.

FRISCO, UTAH, April 21st, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I would like to tell the little girls and boys a true story about a mountain lion, but I am only seven years old, and am just learning to write, so mamma will write it for me.

The snow has been very deep in the mountains, and the lion came near town, and killed several colts, belonging to some Indians who are camped there.

This made the Indians very angry, so they tracked the lion, and found that he had gone into an old mining tunnel. They made a fire at the mouth of the tunnel, thinking that would scare the lion out, but, though some of the Indians stayed all night, with guns, ready to shoot it as it came out, they saw nothing of it.

They kept a big fire burning all night, and in the morning, all the Indians went to the tunnel, armed with guns, pistols, bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives, expecting to have a big fight, but, instead, they found the lion dead, smothered by the smoke.

They dragged him out, and found that he measured nine feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

Nearly all the people in town went to see the dead lion.

Claiborne Ashworth.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN:

THE following lines were sent to our department of the JUVENILE, and with some corrections, I give them to you for the good lessons they are intended to teach.

L. L. G. R.

THREE WISHES.

AT a small fishing village called Dutch-Flander,
Lived Jan Shulkan, a fish-smack commander,

In a little cottage, neat and good,
Which for many a year had stood;
Nor lived alone, Jan had a wife,
They knew no trouble and no strife;
But lived together happy and gay,
And earned their living by fishing all day.

One very cold winter's night,
As they sat by their fire, warm and bright,
All at once there came a knock,
Which gave both Jan and Madge a shock.

They were just ready for bed,
But, "Come in!" Jan quietly said.

The stranger's manner and dress were good,
Over his head he wore a hood.

"Can I make my night's lodging here?"
he said,

"Why yes!" said Jan, "we have a good bed.

Sit ye down and get something to eat;
We have only a little, fish, bread and meat.

The traveling 'round must any one tire,
Sit up and warm yourself here by the fire."

In the morning, when all were awake,
Jan 'rose early for the stranger's sake.
When the traveler arose and came out,
He was all prepared to continue his route.

He thanked them both and was very glad,

And said better treatment he never had.

Jan said, "Oh! tarry within my cot,
Till I make three wishes—deny me not!
And promise me this, that my wishes
three,

Shall surely be granted unto me.

"My first wish is that my Madge and I,
May never be parted, not e'en when we die.

Wish second, live fifty years longer, or more;

And third, grant us children, at least,
half a score.

Just half a score years we've been married this morn,

And never a baby to us has been born."

The stranger in pity placed one hand
on Jan's head,

And the other on Madge's, and kindly
he said,

"Such loving devotion 'twixt husband
and wife,

Deserves to be favored with long, happy
life;

A life undivided, and children—Oh dear!
All strangers should wonder to see and
to hear!

Your wishes are granted, I see it is so;
This promise is sure, my friends, now
let me go."

They gave him for luncheon some loaves
and some fishes,

Both feeling quite certain they would
get their three wishes.

They watched him depart; and before
the next year,

Their cottage was bles'd with the first
baby dear.

And others were added, just two years
between,

Till instead of but ten, they numbered
fifteen.

Oft talked they, and watched for that
good stranger man,
But he came never more to see Madge
and Jan.
For seventy years, together they stayed,
Then both died the same day, and to-
gether were laid.

MORAL.

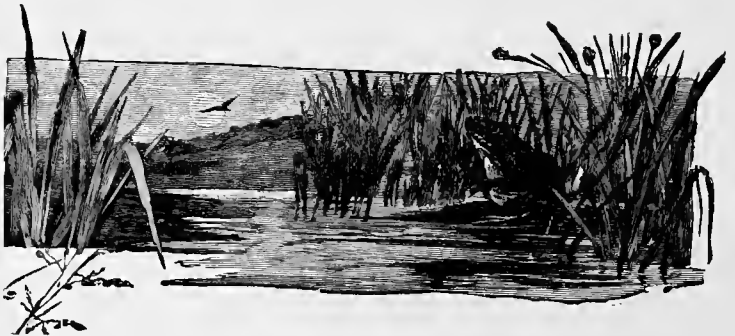
Never quarrel, dear husbands and wives,
as do some;
And be kind to all strangers; an angel
might come.

Nora Baugley, Aged 13.

SANDY, April 11, 1897.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

I SAT on grandmamma's shady porch,
Sewing, and humming a rythm low;
My blue-eyed and brown
eyed baby boys,
Sported about in the
sunshine's glow
They gathered flowers
and brought to me.
Morning - glories all
gaily dress'd;
Honey-suckles and vio-
lets,
Asking of me which
I liked the best,



"My baby lambs are the sweetest flowers,
Sweetest and dearest to me," I said;
Quickly their arms went 'round my neck.
And press'd to mine were their lips
of red.

The elder answered as if for both,
A heavenly smile in his eyes of blue,
And voice, to me, like an angel's soft,
"We finks our mamma's the sweetest,
too."

"Oh, yes!" I said, "It is truly so;
In all the earth, or in heaven above;
Wherever mammas and babies live,
The sweetest flower is their perfect
love."

Lula.

A CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep, for the round moon
is up,
And night birds with dark wings fly
silently;
The water-lilly folds her milk-white cup,
And the swart frog croaks out dis-
cordantly.

The stars smile down, the rushes whis-
per low
To the warm breeze, that now so
gently sings.

But here you lie soft cradled in my arms,
Close your dear eyes, sleep's angel
folds his wings.

Ellen Jakeman.

If young and old persons would
spend half the money in making others
happy which they spend in dress and
useless luxury, how much more real
pleasure it would give them!

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

·DR·

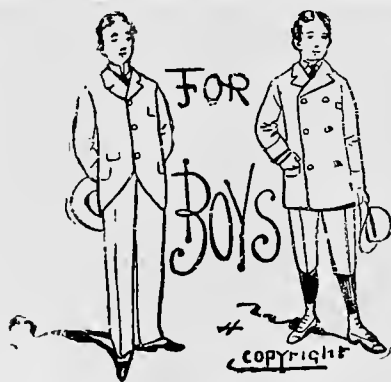
PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.



THE BOYS

Should have the best and strongest suits that can be made. We will say right here, this is the department we pay the most attention to, as the boys of today will be the men of tomorrow. We do not claim our 75c boys' knee pants suits are as good as the ones we sell for \$1.50, but the all wool ones at \$2.00 are worth double the price, for a boy hard on his clothes the \$2.50 and \$3.00 ones, with double seat and knees, elastic waistbands and the warranted not to rip are the thing, the \$4.00 and \$5.00 ones are just as big bargains, as they are made of very fine cloth, and the tailors have put on extra work.

BOYS' LONG PANTS SUIT.

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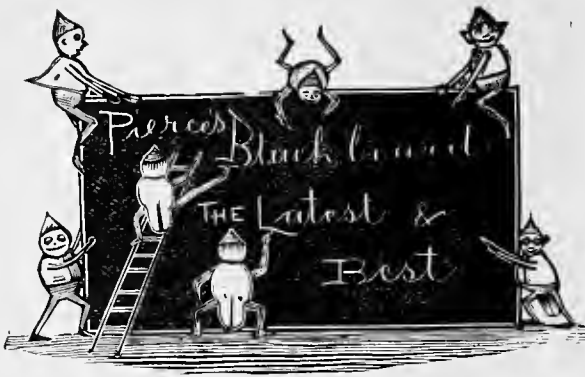
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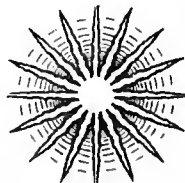
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